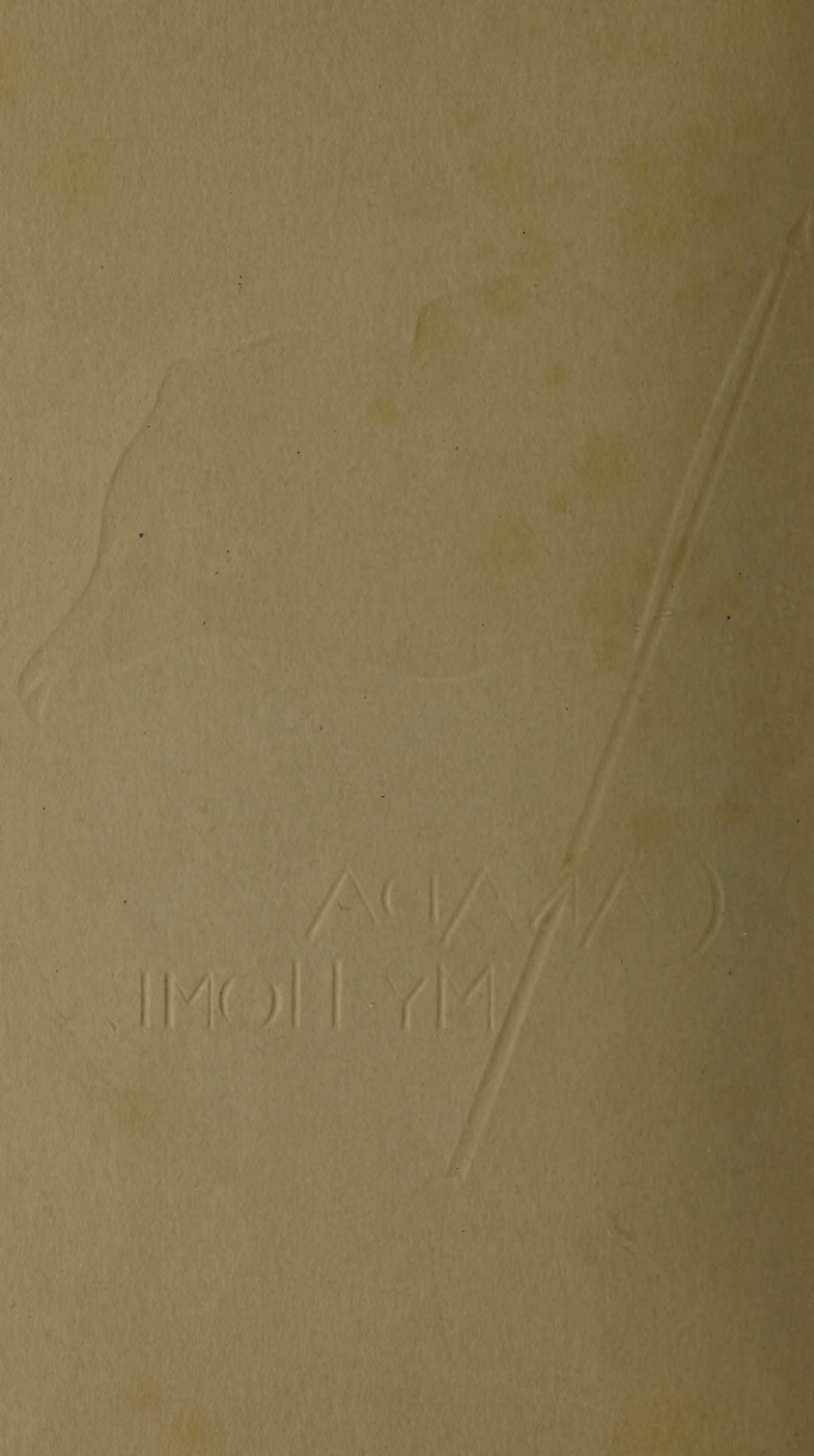
CANADA MY HOME



Canada, My Home

By

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"My Motherland."

TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

CANADA, MY HOME

Music: *Regent Square*

Land of glory, land of plenty:
Prairies golden, sunny skies,
Waters fearful, peaks appalling
Where the cloud embannered flies,
Forests solemn, chant thy grandeur—
Gift of God all good and wise.

Land of labour, land of courage:
Manhood conquers mold and mire,
Digs the glowing rock undaunted,
Chains the fateful lightning fire;
Grand and grander rise thy cities—
Land of all undreamed desire.

Land of fervor, land of friendship:
Callous chain shall not enslave,
Kindness gives the hand of welcome,
Mercy stoops to soothe and save;
Homes of beauty, games of gladness—
Peace prevails o'er earth and wave.

Land of freedom, land of learning:
Be thy light a joyful quest,
School and temple guard thy children,
Land of all I love the best.
Float thy flag of glory grandly,
Canada, My Home, My Rest.

CANADA, BE TRUE

Music: *Eastgate. St. Andrew*

Thy Motherland her freedom gave,
To live in thee anew,
And to thy royal heritage
O Canada, be true!

Hold high the glory of our flag,
Awave in every breeze,
From splendent east to glowing west,
Between the mighty seas.

The Lord lent us the snow-coned hill,
The vale of golden grain,
The towering tree, the yawning mine,
The stream that swells the main.

He gave us, too, the far-flung rail,
The tongued dynamic fire,
The stately street and garden fair,
The school and sacred spire.

Then give us, Lord, the helpful hand
To all mankind who call;
Be Thou the Friend of every race,
And dwell supreme in all.

HOME OF MY HEART

Music: *Sandon*

Home of my heart, I sing in grateful tongue
To God who gave
With open hand thy treasures strewn afar
From wave to wave,
From golden South to silvern Arctic glare,
Lo, God in glory shineth everywhere.

Land of the free, whence came thy liberty?
Behold her hand,
Strong still, which blesses thee, in yonder home,
Thy Motherland.
O Daughter fair! proud freedom never dies,
Where'er thy Mother's noble banner flies.

Land of the brave, who kept thy freedom free:
They felt thy flame,
They marched thro' blood and pain, they grandly
died:
Whisper their name,
The name of youth, for whom lone mothers weep,
The beauteous brow, in calm heroic sleep.

Land of the strong, of eident arm revealed,
In bounteous plain,
In glittering rock, resplendent street and shade,
Refuge humane,
Pillar of learning, and adoring dome—
Home of my heart, grand Canada, my home.

CANADA, DOMINION OF THE NORTH

Music: *By James H. Murray. C. Lavallèe*

Great Canada! Dominion of the North,
How vast the path whereon thy sun rides forth!
His sweep from stern Atlantic flood
To far Pacific main
Proclaims the bounteous hand of God
Upon thy grand domain.
O Daughter blest! peace, peace be thine,
May Wisdom wreathe thy brow with light divine,
And in thy law and council ever shine.

Freemen, rejoice! rejoice that ye are free!
No despot rules,—behold, from sea to sea,
A nation youthful called of God
To rule in equity,
A people bound in brotherhood,
A loyal unity.
Land of the free! for ever wave
Thy flag of freedom which our fathers gave,
Banner of honor, emblem of the brave.

Northmen, be strong! abhor the traitor stain,
Fear ye no foe, the craven cry disdain,
And if the bold aggressor come
To war on sea or land,
Be true to your belovèd home,
And by the empire stand.
O Canada! from shore to shore
Gird on thy strength, and Heaven's arm implore—
God is thy shield, and shall be evermore.

CANADA, STAND FAST

Music: *Scots Wha Hae*

Canada, from wave to wave,
Land of freemen strong and brave,
Heritage our Father gave—
    Be thy law divine.
Loyal hearts thy grandeur sing,
Host on host their tribute bring,
Golden bells thy gladness ring—
    All our love be thine.

Land of hidden wealth untold,
Prairies vast of waving gold,
Mountains high in azure cold,
    Diademed in white.
Grandly sings the forest wide,
Proudly rolls the inland tide,
Merrily doth the Frost King ride,
    Land of our delight.

Land beloved, for ever be
Firm in faith and verity,
Gracious in prosperity—
    To thy greatness come.
Peace, O Canada, be thine,
Strength and majesty divine,
Ever on thee glory shine,
    Canada, our home.

Northmen, scorn the traitor hand,
Side by side for honor stand,
Sacred keep your queenly land,
    While the world shall last.
Northland strong, unfurl thy might,
Raise thy flag in Heaven's light,
Ever be for God and right—
    Canada, stand fast!

CANADA, BE STRONG

Music: *St. George's, Edinburgh.* *All Saints New*

Wake, Canada! awake, awake!
Daybreak in gold is born;
Behold the fire that flecks the hills,
And hear the voice of morn.

What people passed to heritage—
To heritage like thine?
Arise and fill thy destiny—
Thy destiny divine.

Hold thou the sceptre of the free,
Lift not the tyrant rod,
Scorn thou the council of the night,
Lead in the light of God.

What is the message morning brings?
O Canada, be strong!—
To him that hath the Lord of hosts,
The battle doth belong.

EVER LIGHT

"THE NIGHT SHINETH AS THE DAY"

Music: *St. Clement*

Thy dream is o'er, O light of morning,
The gilded hill-tops hail thine eyes,
The green woods greet thy grand adorning,
And songs of beauteous birds arise.

Thy warming wings, O sun of noon-day,
The boundless blue do fearless dare;
Thou bearest life o'er heaven's highway,
And earth receives her bounteous share.

Fold thou thy wings, O light of evening,
Descend beyond the glowing shore;
And now the night thy face is veiling—
Sleep, darkened sun, thou art no more.

And yet, beyond, thy light is shining,
While darkness doth star-worlds unseal;
O man! in death's dark night declining,
Thy darkness doth new heavens reveal.

Lord God of Light, thy light shall never
Decline in Him thou namest thine:
O Light of Life, abide for ever,
And ever in thy kingdom shine.

CANADA FOR CHRIST

Music: *By Fay G. Stanbury (Fairy Morgan)*

See the sunrise on the mountains,
Flashing far from crest to crest!
Light to light the signal sendeth—
FAITH on seraph wings descendeth,
Calling Canada to Christ!

In the misty valley weeping,
'Tween the living and the dead,
While she soothes the broken-hearted—
Lo! the leaden clouds are parted—
Pity, startled, lifts her head.

For the light above the mountains
Streameth thro' the fœtid mist,
And adown the tidings sendeth—
HOPE on pinions bright descendeth,
Crying, Canada for Christ!

Sons of God, to battle gather!
Meet the minions of the Night,
From the far Atlantic gather,
From the far Pacific gather,
Fight incarnate Darkness, fight!

Night retreats to hidden caverns,
Vanquished all her black-winged brood;
Truth and Goodness now victorious,
Robed, with Peace, in raiment glorious,
Reign in faithful brotherhood.

See the sun high o'er the mountains!
See on earth the Light—the Christ!
Light to light glad tidings sendeth—
LOVE on golden wings descendeth,
Singing, Canada in Christ!

EVERMORE

Music: *Last Hope. Mozart*

Name of marvel, Evermore,
Who can fathom what thou art?
Beating time in every heart,
Time art thou, but thou art more.

Evermore, whence camest thou?
Tell the home thou namest thine;
Didst thou come from shores divine,
For a glimpse of finite Now?

Art thou here, O Evermore,
Here our earthborn sin to see,
One with woe an hour to be,
And our darkness deep deplore?

Whence thy light, O Evermore?
Shaded once, effulgent now,
Radiance of a deathless brow,—
Veiled in flesh, in death, before.

Veiled in mortal form before,
In the Man despised of men,
Him who died and lived again,
And who lives for evermore.

Light of Truth! consuming fire!
Purifying errant men;
Chastened, they come forth again,
Clothed in virgin white attire.

Light of Love whom we adore!—
Beauteous forms by Time unkept,
We have lost them, we have wept—
Thou wilt keep them evermore.

We shall weep, yea, weep, no more—
They, our own, are with Thee there
And hath fled our dark despair,
From thy Light, O Evermore!

DEAR CANADA, MY HOME

Music: *King's College*

Where shines the dying Red Man's sun,
Where bison feet no more may run,
    Nor warring tribesmen roam,—
There, Arctic-crowned, behold the land,
In grandeur robed by lavish hand,
    Fair Canada, my home.

O goodly Land! thy fervid praise
Forbid the people's tongue to raise
    In self-adoring boast,—
To One, who all thy glories gave,
Our homage be, with reverence grave,
    In adoration lost.

Wild wilderness our Fathers fought,
Blest heritage, excelling thought
    The riches in thee stored:
Thy Strata-depths hide hoarded gold,
Thy Prairie-breast is wealth untold,
    A garden of the Lord.

O Liberty, how sweet thou art!
My country thrills in every part
    With thy true, living voice;
The famished poor, the trodden slave,
May come among the free and brave—
    In Canada rejoice.

When vital virtue leaves the strong,
When thy pure robes are trailed in wrong,
    When low thy virgin head,
When the Maple, withered, breathes no sigh,
May God have mercy, and may I
    Be numbered with the dead.

Will thy fair feet depart from right,
Wilt thou immerge in starless night,
    And lose the path divine?
No! no! my country, thou shalt see
Thy morning Star of destiny
    In pure splendour shine.

No land illumed by yonder sun
Can more inspiring be than One
    Where my far visions roam
O'er prairies wide, o'er mountains grand—
My love is thine, thou lavish land,
    Dear Canada, my home.